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THE PENNY

JUNE 6, 1903

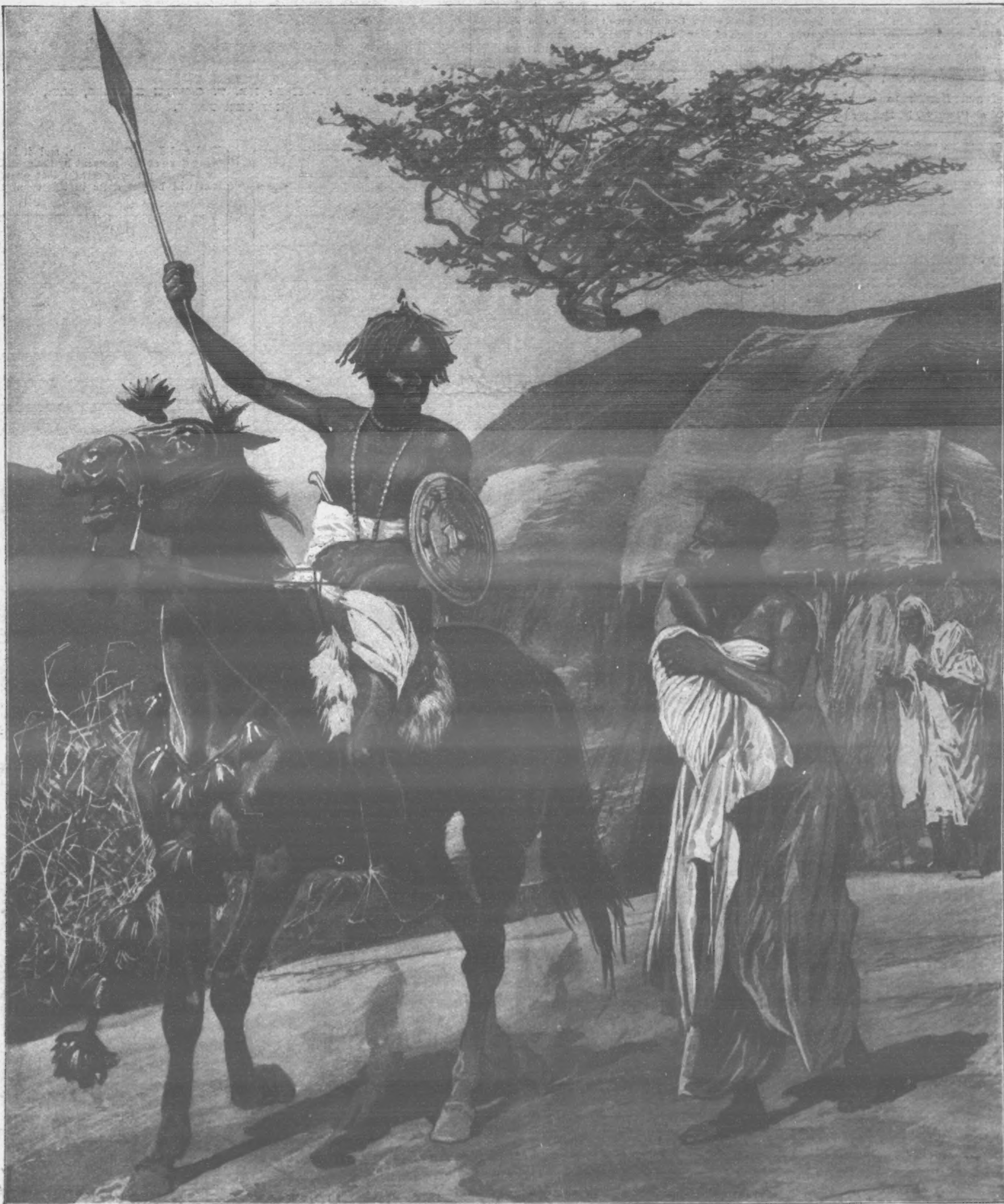
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AND + ILLUSTRATED TIMES

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THERE'S STILL TIME TO WIN £50. (SEE PAGE 359.)



THE SOMALILAND TROUBLE: A RECRUIT FOR THE MAD MULLAH.

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HINDE'S The late Lord Justice Chitty, on the application of Mr. Lewis Edmunds, Q.C., recently granted a perpetual injunction, with costs, restraining a West End Draper from passing off spurious curlers and selling them as "Hinde's" Curlers. Evidence was given by a lady nurse, Mrs. Nobbs of Kensington, that she had suffered damage by such misrepresentation. Ladies are urged to note that no curlers or wavers are genuine "Hinde's" unless they bear the name "Hinde's" both on the article and on the box. The present illustrated hair wavers Nos. 18, 19, 20, a necessity at any well-appointed toilet table, and ladies to whom these little appliances may be at present unknown will experience a revelation as to the ease and rapidity with which the day or evening coiffure can be completed. They are sold in 1/- boxes by every dealer in the three Kingdoms, or Sample Box may be had free by post for thirteen stamps from the proprietors, Hinde's Limited, Finsbury, London, E.C.

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Prisoner's Sad End.—Very sad was the story told at an inquest on Edward Bayley Osbaldeston, who died recently in Pentonville Prison. The deceased was for more than twenty years chief messenger to the Government Whips at the Houses of Parliament, and enjoyed a liberal salary. He was recently convicted of an offence, and sentenced at Bow Street to six months' hard labour. On entering the prison, Dr. Wilson, senior medical officer, found Osbaldeston suffering from jaundice and enlarged liver, from which he grew worse. A verdict of death from natural causes was returned.

To Correspondents.

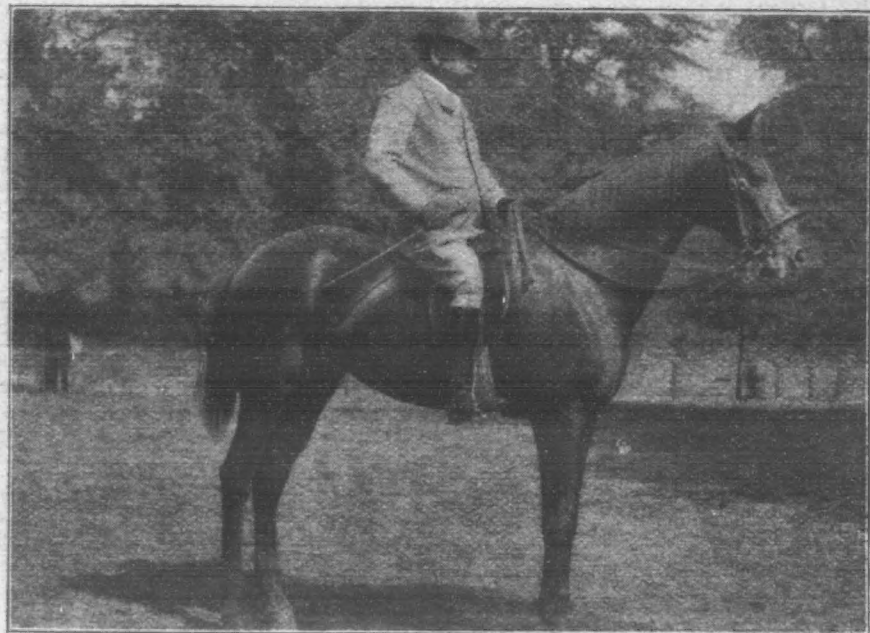
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TALK OF
LONDON

Pivot of the Next Election.

THERE can be no doubt that the next General Election will be fought on the question of preferential trading with our Colonies. The master mind of the Cabinet—Mr. Chamberlain—told us so in his speech of May 28 in the House of Commons. A great speech, in its way, it was—not so much from any overwhelming oratorical excellences, but from its profound common-sense and the strong grasp it betrayed of the statesman's knowledge of the needs of Great Britain and her Colonies.



"P.I.P." SNAP-SHOT: MR. T. GIBSON BOWLES, M.P.,
IN THE PARK.



THE MEN WHO FIGHT THE FLAMES: JUMPING SHEET PRACTICE
BY MEMBERS OF THE METROPOLITAN FIRE BRIGADE.

He does know. He looks into the future, and, with a foresight rare enough among our present-day Ministers, tells us what will happen, and how we are to prepare for eventualities. This is what he said in reference to the trusts of America and elsewhere—

"Has the House considered what is the practical working of the great trusts which are now being formed in America, and in Germany, and on the Continent—the enormous aggregations wielded by one man, by a single brain, and which can be brought to bear in the way of destroying a particular industry in this country without running any risk whatever? We are the one open market of the world; we are the one dumping-ground of the world. In America the manufacturers are making and building up their works, and when there is a boom, as there has been recently, the works are at once increased; and, so long as the home trade will take all the works make, that is a most profitable arrangement for the manufacturers, and no goods come to this country. But the moment, if to-morrow, there was a depression, say, in the iron trade, there is not the slightest doubt—it has been stated publicly by the president of that tremendous

Steel and Iron Corporation, and it is actually being done at this moment by the great German trust—it is perfectly certain that quantities of iron will be put down in this country or the



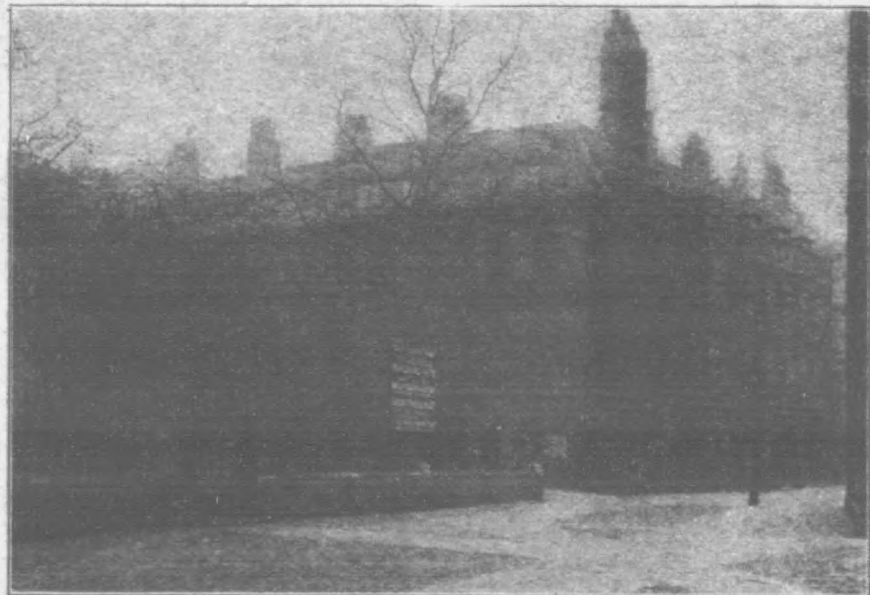
LITTLE CLARISSA HEVEY,
THE WONDERFUL CHILD VOCALIST.

Who recently had the honour of singing before the Prince and Princess of Wales at Clondoun Park.

countries we are supplying at a price we cannot possibly contest."

Dear Food, but Higher Wages.

Mr. Chamberlain was extremely candid in discussing the future effects of his policy. He



CLIFFORD'S INN, WHICH WAS RECENTLY SOLD BY AUCTION,
AND IS NOW ABOUT TO BE DEMOLISHED.

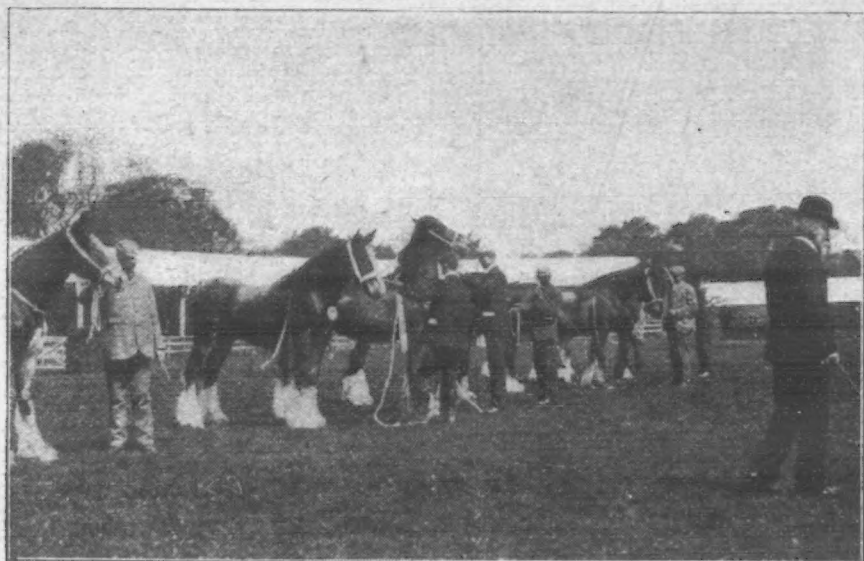


Photo. Harbo.

JUDGING THE SHIRE FILLY AND GELDING CLASS AT THE BATH AND WEST OF ENGLAND SHOW LAST WEEK.



Photo. Harbo.

JUDGING THE GUERNSEY BULLS AT THE BATH AND WEST OF ENGLAND SHOW LAST WEEK.

made no attempt to disguise the fact that it will increase the price of food. "You must put a tax on food," he said. "I make hon. gentlemen opposite a present of that. I am prepared to go into any mechanic's house, or any labourer's house, or to address meetings of workmen or labourers, and taking certain hypothetical calculations—for instance, that there was to be one shilling or two shillings on corn—say to them: 'Now this policy, if it is carried out, will cost you so much a week more than you are paying at present for your food. I will assume, for the sake of my argument, that you pay every penny of the duty, and, having assumed that, I will tell you what the cost will be. I know how many loaves you consume, how much meat you eat, and know what you take of this, that, and the other on which it may be proposed to put a duty; and I will give you a table from which you can tell for yourself how much extra wages you must get in order to cover the extra expenses of living.' If the hon. gentlemen opposite can show that the whole of this business will mean greater cost of living to

the working men and no increase of income, well, Sir, I have not the least doubt whatever that all their most optimistic prophecies will come true. But if I can show that in return for what I ask I will give more than I take, then, poorly as they may think of my judgment, I may still have a chance."

The State as Butchers.

"The Uncrowned King of New Zealand," otherwise Mr. Richard Seddon, is going full speed ahead, and no mistake. His latest idea is—or, we had better say, was, as he may have had another since—to set up in the butchering line of business—not on his own private account, but on behalf of the New Zealand Government. Mr. Seddon wants to popularise New Zealand mutton in this country, and to do this he intends opening shops in all the principal towns in England. At these places the mutton is to be sold at a price which is only intended to cover expenses at first. Later on, doubtless, when and if New Zealand managed to oust the opposition and secure a meat-vending monopoly,

prices would go up, as they would under any properly conducted business system. The experiment is original and interesting. If butchering succeeds, baking and candlestick-making will of course follow. Meantime, it will arouse the spirit of the private shopkeeper who tries to make an honest living out of the retailing of meat, and we may soon behold crowds of blue smocks demonstrating in Hyde Park and demanding compensation, after the manner of the publicans.

Wanted, Corridor-Trains.

The assault upon an elderly coachman by a gang of roughs in a train returning from Epsom is yet another strong argument in support of the corridor-carriage as against the antiquated, single, boxed-up compartment. Over and over again it has been shown that, under certain conditions, these single compartments may be veritable death-traps. In such alone are murders possible on a railway journey, and in such alone are assaults committed. There may be exceptions to this; but I am, of course, speaking

generally. In the case under notice, the coachman found himself in a compartment into which there stepped a gang of half-a-dozen. By them he was invited to play cards, an invitation he declined. Having closed his eyes, he opened them again, it is alleged, to find himself being punched and battered by some of the gang, while others busied themselves with his pockets. He screamed "Murder!" and somehow or other managed to leap from the carriage, but that was pure luck. Under similar circumstances a man might be actually murdered without anybody being able to lend him assistance. In a corridor-train such an assault would be practically impossible; for these racecourse gangs are as cowardly as they are brutal and unscrupulous, and any chance of reinforcements for their victim from another compartment would effectually stop their little game. Indeed, they would hardly ever attempt an assault in such circumstances. Yes, corridor-carriages are urgently needed, especially on trains in which the scoundrels of the racecourse are travelling.

THE GOSSIP.



"THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN THE WORLD."

Miss MAUD FEALY (LEADING LADY TO MR. WILLARD), WHO WON THE PRIZE OF ONE THOUSAND FRANCS OFFERED BY THE "FIGARO ILLUSTRE" OF PARIS. OVER THIRTY THOUSAND READERS DECLARED MISS FEALY TO BE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN THE WORLD.



Photo. Biograph Studio.

MISS DOROTHY LEVITT,

THE LADY MOTORIST WHO TOOK PART IN THE GLASGOW TO LONDON RUN. MISS LEVITT IS PASSIONATELY FOND OF MOTORING, AND IS AMONGST THE MOST COOL AND EXPERT OF DRIVERS.

A FINE BUST OF THE LATE CECIL RHODES.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

THE Royal Holiday.—The King and Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, with their children, and the members of the Court in attendance, spent Whitsuntide at Windsor. Their Majesties were at the Castle, where numerous State dinners and other entertainments were given, while the Prince and Princess occupied Frogmore House. The Royal Family returns to London this week.

The King and a Bristol Boy.—The bravery of William Edwin Jewell, a Bristolian youth of fifteen, who has saved seven lives from drowning, having been brought

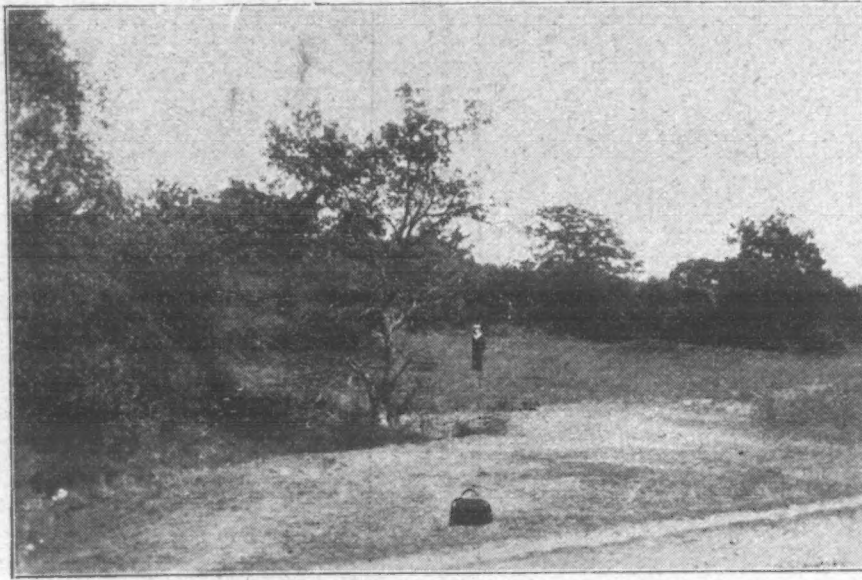


MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS.
(MRS. CURZON)

MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS,

THE WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS, WHO OBTAINED A DECREE NISI IN HER PETITION FOR DIVORCE FROM HER HUSBAND (MR. CURZON) LAST WEEK.

to the notice of the King, His Majesty has intimated that if the boy is willing a berth is to be found for him in the Royal Navy, where his rapid promotion will be assured by continued good conduct. Jewell's latest exploit was to



THE BRENTWOOD TRAGEDY: WARLEY GAP, WHERE THE MURDER TOOK PLACE.

THE EXACT SPOT IS MARKED BY THE BAG IN THE ROAD.

rescue two children from the river Avon by diving after them and bringing them to land one after the other.

Birmingham Bishopric.—In furtherance of the proposal to establish a Bishopric in Birmingham, over £87,000 has been subscribed, and steps are shortly to be taken for the promotion of a Bill in Parliament.

Mr. Chamberlain's Bomb.—Not for many years has so much excitement been created in political circles and throughout the country generally as the pronouncement made by the Colonial Secretary last week in favour of a modified form of Protection in our fiscal relations with foreign countries outside the pale of the British Empire. Whether or not Mr. Chamberlain's plan has been hastened by the recent action of Germany with regard to Canada is immaterial. The fact remains that both the member for West Birmingham and the Prime Minister have enumerated two clear issues which are to be put before the country at the next General Election. Briefly, these issues are that trade relations between the Mother Country and the Colonies shall be so arranged as to (a) leave raw material for manufacture free and (b) place a tax on food, the revenue from such impost to be used in carrying out much-needed social reforms, like the establishment of old-age pensions, etc. Free Trade advocates are, of course, up in arms against these proposals; while, on the other hand, it is pointed out that power to retaliate against foreign nations, which take all and give nothing, has become a pressing political necessity of the day.

Baronet Found Shot.—Sir Edward Hulse, who was Press Censor at Johannesburg during the latter part of the war, was found in his bed-room shot through the head last Saturday. The deceased officer, while Captain of the 15th Battalion Imperial Yeomanry in South Africa, was mentioned in despatches, and besides formerly being connected with the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry, represented Salisbury in Parliament between 1893 and 1897. Sir Edward is succeeded by his son, who was born in 1889.

Court-Martial on Officers.—Major-General W. H. Mackinnon has been appointed president of a

general court-martial which is to meet at Wellington Barracks on June 10 for the trial of Captains H. B. O. Williams and J. H. Hayes, of the 3rd Dragoon Guards; Captain C. Fane, D.S.O., and Lieutenant C. M. Trueman, 12th Lancers; Second Lieutenant C. L. Prior, 17th Lancers; Lieutenant R. Hermon-Hodge, 3rd Grenadier Guards; and Lieutenant W. Jenkins, 5th Battalion Rifle Brigade, in connection with an alleged case of ill-treatment of a civilian at the Mount Nelson Hotel, Cape Town.

New Naval Base.—The Admiralty has decided to make Felixstowe the base for the torpedo-boat-destroyer flotilla attached to the Nore command. The battle-ship *Audacious* has been converted into a base-ship for torpedo-boats at a cost of £560,000, and is shortly to leave Chatham for Felixstowe to take up her duties.

Teaching the "Times."—To "teach the *Times* and other newspapers that adverse comments on the policy of the Russian Government cannot be tolerated," the St. Petersburg correspondent of the leading journal has been expelled from Russia.

Mail-Boat's Narrow Escape.—During a dense fog on Saturday the R.M.S. *Ulster* narrowly escaped being run down by a man-of-war outside Holyhead Harbour. The mail-boat had hove to owing to the thickness of the atmosphere, when through the mist a large cruiser was seen bearing right across her bows. Instantly the captain of the *Ulster* steamed ahead, and it was only by the most strenuous efforts on the part of both ships that a disastrous collision was averted. The cruiser was brought to with engines reversed a few feet only from the passenger-boat, which lay practically under the bows of the huge war-ship.

Eton Boys Burned to Death.—A disastrous and regrettable outbreak of fire occurred within the boundaries of Eton College early on Monday, and resulted in the death of two scholars at the famous school. The fire broke out in the house of Mr. R. S. Kinderley, one of the College masters, who had over thirty boys boarding under his charge. Some most exciting escapes were witnessed when the alarm was given, most of the inmates

running out in their nightclothes, while others jumped from windows on to mattresses held below. Most unfortunately some of the upper windows of the house, which was very old, were barred, and exit by this means was impossible. The victims of the sad affair were Frank Harry Reginald Lawson and James Kenneth Horne, both about fourteen years of age, and described as bright lads extremely popular in the school. Master Horne was the son of Major Horne, of the Highland Light Infantry, who resides at Stirkoke, near Wick. Master Lawson was the only son of Mrs. Frank Lawson, of Hyde Park Gate, London, and was a grand-nephew of Sir Edward Lawson, of Hall Barn, Beaconsfield. The occurrence occasioned profound gloom in the Windsor district, and the celebration of the Etonians' Fourth of June, a day famous in the school annals, was immediately cancelled. The King and Queen sent messages of sincere regret to Dr. Warre, the Head Master of the College.

Storms and Floods.—Whitsuntide has been characterised this year by some very tempestuous weather. In the London district on Saturday one of the heaviest storms recorded for years occasioned much damage. Many streets were flooded, and shop basements, underground railway-stations, and low-lying areas generally suffered considerably. At Thornton Heath, near Croydon, a man and a boy were killed by lightning. Other men sustained



MAUD GARRETT,

THE GIRL WHO WAS FOUND KILLED AT WARLEY GAP, NEAR BRENTWOOD

severe injuries from the same cause; and at Oxford a man named Simmonds, while sitting in a shelter which was struck by the electric fluid, was instantly killed. In America, the Topeka district, lying to the west of the Mississippi River, has been devastated by floods, with enormous loss of life and property. Constant rains caused the rivers to rise, and in some cases whole villages were swept bodily away. It is estimated that over 200 lives have been lost, and the damage to property is set down at about one million sterling. Many heartrending scenes were witnessed by people unable to render assistance. In one case a mother, who, with her baby in her arms, had clung for two days to a tree, was swept away and drowned just as



WHERE AND HOW BANK HOLIDAY WAS SPENT: "P.I.P." SPECIAL SKETCHES.

The figures indicate the numbers of people attending the various places named.

a rescue party in boats approached. To add to the terrors of the situation, the waters slaked several lime-pits, which set fire to wooden houses carried within their vicinity, and these floating bonfires were carried down-stream, spreading destruction in their wake. In one day 300 people were rescued from tree-tops, and it is computed that at least 45,000 persons have been rendered homeless by the floods.

Railway Steamer Run Down.—Late one evening last week, the Great Central Railway Company's steamer *Huddersfield*, which left Antwerp at 8 p.m. for Grimsby, came into collision with the Norwegian steamer *Uto* from Rotterdam and sank off Sceptingen. The *Huddersfield* carried a crew of twenty-three, and had on board forty emigrant passengers bound for Canada, who were nearly all asleep at the time in the fore-cabin. Twenty-two lives were lost, the ship sinking within a few minutes of the impact. Of the unfortunate victims sixteen were Galicians, five Italians, and one a Pole. The survivors escaped with their lives only, in most cases being rescued in their night attire by the *Uto's* boats.

Soldier Charged with Murder.—An adjourned inquest was held at Birkdale on Private John James, Royal Welsh Fusiliers, who was found dead in a ditch on May 17 with his head battered in. Inspector Hodgson read a statement made by Private Arthur Wickes, who is in custody, to the effect that when he and James were on their way back to camp after a drinking bout, the deceased man wanted to go back for more liquor, and a quarrel ensued. Both men wrestled on the ground, and finding that he could not get out of James's clutches, Wickes asserted he took off his belt and used it against his opponent, whom he then left without knowing what injuries he had inflicted. A verdict of wilful murder against Wickes was returned by the coroner's jury, who expressed their opinion that all soldiers' belts ought to be numbered.

Moat Farm Case.—Samuel Herbert Dougal, who has been committed for trial by the Saffron Walden magistrates, charged with the wilful murder of Miss C. C. Holland, formerly of the Moat Farm, Clavering, Essex, is to appear before Mr. Justice Wright at the Essex Assizes on June 17. Mr. C. F. Gill, K.C., has been retained by the Treasury to conduct the prosecution. It has been stated that a friend of Dougal has subscribed £500 towards the defence.

Divorce Case Sequel.—After a lengthy trial at the Old Bailey, Henry Fennimore George, private detective, was last week convicted of perjury, and sentenced to five years' penal servitude. The case against George, as stated by the prosecution, was that in connection with the recently heard action in divorce, *Worsley v. Worsley*, he fabricated evidence which materially influenced the jury in their decision. This evidence was that he (George) acting in his capacity of detective, had witnessed impropriety between the respondent in the case, Mrs. Worsley, and the co-respondent, Mr. Joseph Worsley, or, as he was called, "Uncle Joe." The Crown now contended that no such misconduct was witnessed by George, whose note-books exhibited marked discrepancies. One of the most notable features of the trial for perjury was the frequency with which counsel for the defence came into conflict with the Judge, Mr. Justice Grantham. His Lordship, after passing sentence, remarked, "If this case illustrates the way in which divorce cases are got up then I say God help the poor people of this country."

Village Courtship, and After.—An action for damages for breach of promise of marriage occupied four or five days in Mr. Justice Walton's court this week. Miss Lily Bardwell, of Great Horstead, Hertfordshire, was the plaintiff, and Mr. Harry Hammond, a storekeeper of the same village, was the defendant. The young people, it appeared, became engaged some months ago, and preparations for the wedding were at least under discussion when suddenly, so the lady alleged, Mr. Hammond informed her she would "have to walk up the aisle of the chapel alone." The marriage did not take place, and although the defendant said it was only postponed, Miss Bardwell considered the match broken off. Having in the witness-box confirmed her counsel's statement, the plaintiff was followed by Mr. Hammond, who explained at length his version of the matter. "There wasn't a week that we didn't have a quarrel," he said. "I always gave in to her. I thought it best to let her have her own way. She slapped my face in

front of customers in the shop," added the defendant ruefully; "and if she did that before marriage, what would she do afterwards?" he inquired of Miss Bardwell's counsel, who seemed unwilling to hazard an opinion. "I told her I should put the marriage off," Mr. Hammond announced, "and she called me a little devil." Nevertheless, in spite of all these impediments to the course of true love, Mr. Hammond expressed himself as still willing to marry the plaintiff. It was then suggested that counsel should confer, which they did, but without any agreement being announced. The case finally went to the jury, who found for the lady, and assessed the damages at one farthing. Mr. Justice Walton thereupon directed that both sides should pay their own costs.

"P.I.P." PLAYGOER.

MR. WILLIE EDOUIN will present a new comic opera at the Kennington Theatre on June 8. The music is by the well-known French composer, M. Gaston Serpette. The scene is laid in France in 1798, and the story deals with the adventures of two sons of the Count de Cideau, who are to present themselves in Paris on a certain date. When they return, the one who makes the best use of his wealth is to marry Amorelle, the daughter of a rich merchant. One of the sons is treacherous, but is circumvented by the other, aided by Dr. Napoleon Crow (represented by Mr. Willie Edouin), and getting home first, is rewarded by the hand of the lady and her father's fortune. The music of Mr. Serpette is said to be charming and melodious, and the opera contains some lively comedy scenes.

When Miss Marie Tempest returns from America a year hence she will undertake the duties—and I hope the pleasures—of management, having secured from Mr. Curzon a long lease of the Avenue, which will be partly reconstructed and the gallery abolished. Mr. Curzon has found that the gallery contributes so small an amount to the receipts that he has decided to do away with that portion of the house. Miss Tempest, whose supporters are mainly to be found in the boxes and stalls, is quite in accord with Mr. Curzon. But it will be a curious feature of theatrical management if "no gallery" becomes the rule.

On Monday, June 8, Madame Granier makes her London debut in "Les Deux Ecoles," by Alfred Capus, supported by the members of her own company.

Madame Granier is celebrated for a charming laugh. Few actresses laugh naturally, but Madame Granier's gift in that direction has so charmed a contributor in *La Presse* that he has devoted columns to describe it. The comparisons made are most flattering to the gifted actress, whose English admirers will soon be able to judge for themselves as to the merits of her attractive laughter.

"The Gordian Knot" having proved the most signal failure I can remember, Mr. Tree has



Photo. Greville-Charles.

MISS GAYNOR ROWLANDS

IN "MY LADY MOLLY," AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

revived "Trilby" with great success, his portrait of Syeugali being as powerful and striking as ever. There is not an actor in Europe who could present this weird character with so much effect. His strange, uncanny voice, his startling attitudes, the creepy suggestions that hover about him whenever he appears, have something almost unearthly about them. Miss Dorothea Baird plays Trilby with all the freshness and charm which so impressed me years ago. That splendid actor Mr. Lionel Brough, and Mr. Edmund Maurice, another admirable performer, are seen as the Laird and Taffy. The entire performance was most interesting and artistic. There was a slight interruption at the opening of the play, but being ignored by Mr. Tree, it speedily subsided. The principal artists were called to the front repeatedly.

"The Red Lamp" will follow "Trilby" at His Majesty's. Mr. Tree, owing to his numerous duties, has decided not to play James IV. in "Flodden Field." Mr. Fred Terry will undertake the part. "The Man Who Was" by Rudyard Kipling, adapted by Mr. Kinsey Peile, will be played with "Flodden Field" at the special performance in aid of the Hospital Fund, when the King has graciously promised to be present.

"Just Like Callaghan" is the title of the adaptation of "Le Coup de Fouet," by Cosmo Gordon-Lennox, to be played at the Criterion on Wednesday.

Mr. Forbes-Robertson has chosen a new play, "The Edge of the Storm," by Miss Margaret Young, to follow "The Light that Failed." But it is doubtful when he will produce it, being engaged in the United States in the autumn, and having arranged a provincial tour of three weeks before starting for America on Sept. 25.

Madame Réjane will begin her season at the Garrick on Monday, June 22, with Ibsen's "Doll's House."

Mr. Benson has decided to carry on his dramatic school while touring with his Shakspearean company. He will next autumn send out a second Shakspearean company.

Sir Henry Irving has made some changes in "Dante" which the author condemns. Sir Henry, Sardou says, did not like the idea of two Popes in Hell, thinking it would offend Catholic visitors—as, no doubt, it would.

Mr. Oswald Brand's new version of "Bleak House" was announced at the Grand Theatre, Islington, on Monday last. This is the last Dickens play of the present season, but Mr. Brand intends adapting several other works by the celebrated novelist to produce in the autumn.

That charming actress Madame Bertha Moore will produce three light pieces, written by herself, at the Albert Hall on Friday, June 26. Madame Moore will be assisted, by her

sisters, the admirable actresses Miss Eva and Miss Declina Moore.

A great sensation is announced at the Hippodrome. It is called "Hooping the Hoop." In the centre of the ring is a huge hoop with a steel track inside, round which Mlle. Alix, a girl of sixteen, will travel in a car at a terrific pace, doing the journey in two seconds and a half. The entire machinery weighs twenty tons. I sincerely hope that "Hooping the Hoop" may lead to no accident during the holiday week. If it is entirely successful the Hippodrome will be crammed all the season.

Mr. Bernard Shaw has been giving in the *Times* his views respecting children on the stage. As may be expected, his opinions are directly opposed to those of Sir Henry Irving, but the effect produced has to be considered. Sir Henry speaks from knowledge and experience, and will be listened to. Mr. Shaw speaks in such a way that we say in response, "Pshaw!" In his reference to Mr. Arthur Collins, the author of "Mrs. Warren's Profession" and other stage productions, which can hardly be regarded as choice examples of dramatic art, blunders awfully respecting children in pantomimes. I happen to know that they appeared in hundreds, and were as happy and contented as children could possibly be.

The bright sunshine of Bank Holiday morning—a real June day it was—must have sent thousands into the country instead of visiting theatres, etc. But a strong effort had been made by the managers to provide entertainment for those who stayed at home or were engaged part of the day.

On Friday Mr. Lewis Waller appears for the two hundred and fiftieth time as "Monsieur Beaucaire," which continues to be so popular that places are booked to the end of July.

A great many theatrical and musical stars have promised to assist at Miss Lottie Venne's matinee on June 25 at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Seats can now be secured, and I advise all my friends to lose no time, for I expect there will be a very full attendance.

"A Rector's Romance" is the new title chosen by the Rev. Forbes Phillips for the play he is about to produce, with the assistance of Mrs. Brown-Potter, at Yarmouth.

A monument to Shakspeare is to be erected at Elsinore, the scene of "Hamlet." A syndicate of prominent citizens has been formed, and so warmly does Queen Alexandra approve of the suggestion that Her Majesty has sent the first subscription to the fund. The Grand Duke Constantine, uncle to the Czar, has translated "Hamlet" into the Russian language. The monument will be executed by the Danish sculptor Hasselriis. The statue of the poet will be represented sitting, and meditating on the play. The figure will be placed on a lofty pedestal ornamented with designs emblematic of Denmark and England. **THE PROMPTER.**



Photo. Greville-Charles.

MISS DOROTHY TEMBLETT

AS SHE APPEARS IN "THE MEDAL AND THE MAID," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

Deafness from Influenza.

Attempts have been made by medical authorities from time to time to associate some particular forms of deafness with Influenza, one aurist, in fact, going so far as to say that abscesses in the ears are especially likely to occur with this disease. The Editor of the "Review of Diseases of the Ear," however, takes up the matter in a statistical form, and points out that, without reference to any special form of ear disease, an average of 28 out of every 1000 deaf people he has examined attributed the beginning of defective hearing to this cause. The majority of these suffered from dry catarrh of the ear, and throat deafness, although some few were affected by running ears. The Editor also illustrates the subject by publishing several cases of deafness produced by Influenza which were cured by the Drouet Method of Treatment by external applications. As many of the cured cases were previously pronounced incurable, deaf people will be interested in knowing that a copy of the "Review of Diseases of the Ear" can be obtained free by post by addressing the Secretary, Drouet Institute, 10, Marble Arch, London, W. The "Review" also contains a Special Report Form, by means of which anyone can obtain free advice. The Editor advises patients, however, when possible, to visit the Drouet Institute for a personal consultation with the medical staff. Consulting hours are—in the morning, 10 to 12; and in the afternoon, 2 to 4, weekdays only. A fee of five shillings is charged for personal consultation.

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GOLD MEDAL AWARDED,
Woman's Exhibition, London, 1900.

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July 27, 1901.

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RUSSIAN IMPERIAL NURSERY.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

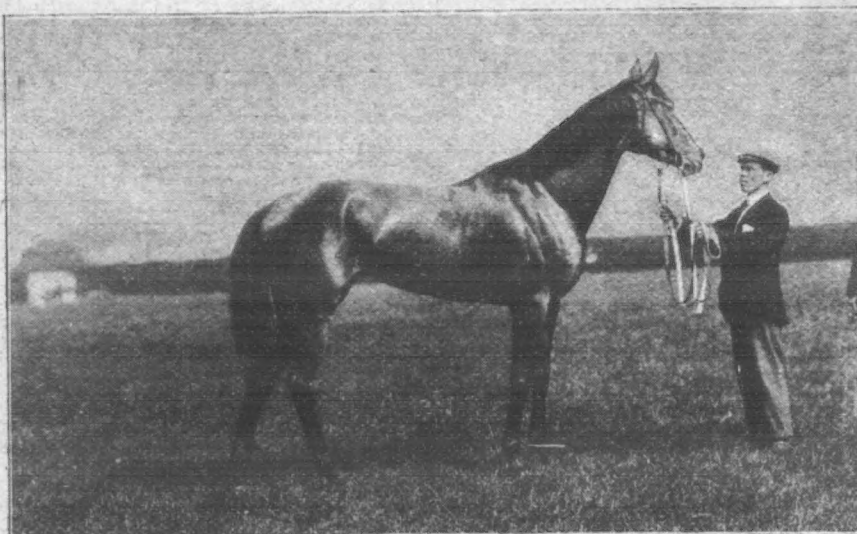
CRICKET.

A SPORTSMAN who is a cricketer—and a true cricketer could not be otherwise than a sportsman—must have rejoiced when it was found on Whit Monday morning that Lord's was overlooked by a beautiful blue sky. But, better still, the turf was all right, and the certainty thereby ensured of "Dick" Attewell's benefit match being a big success must have delighted the hearts of everyone present. Fortunately, both Middlesex and Somerset possess strong batting sides; and whatever the quality of the bowling, it was tolerably certain that the match would run the full three days on such a good pitch as Lord's afforded for once in a way.

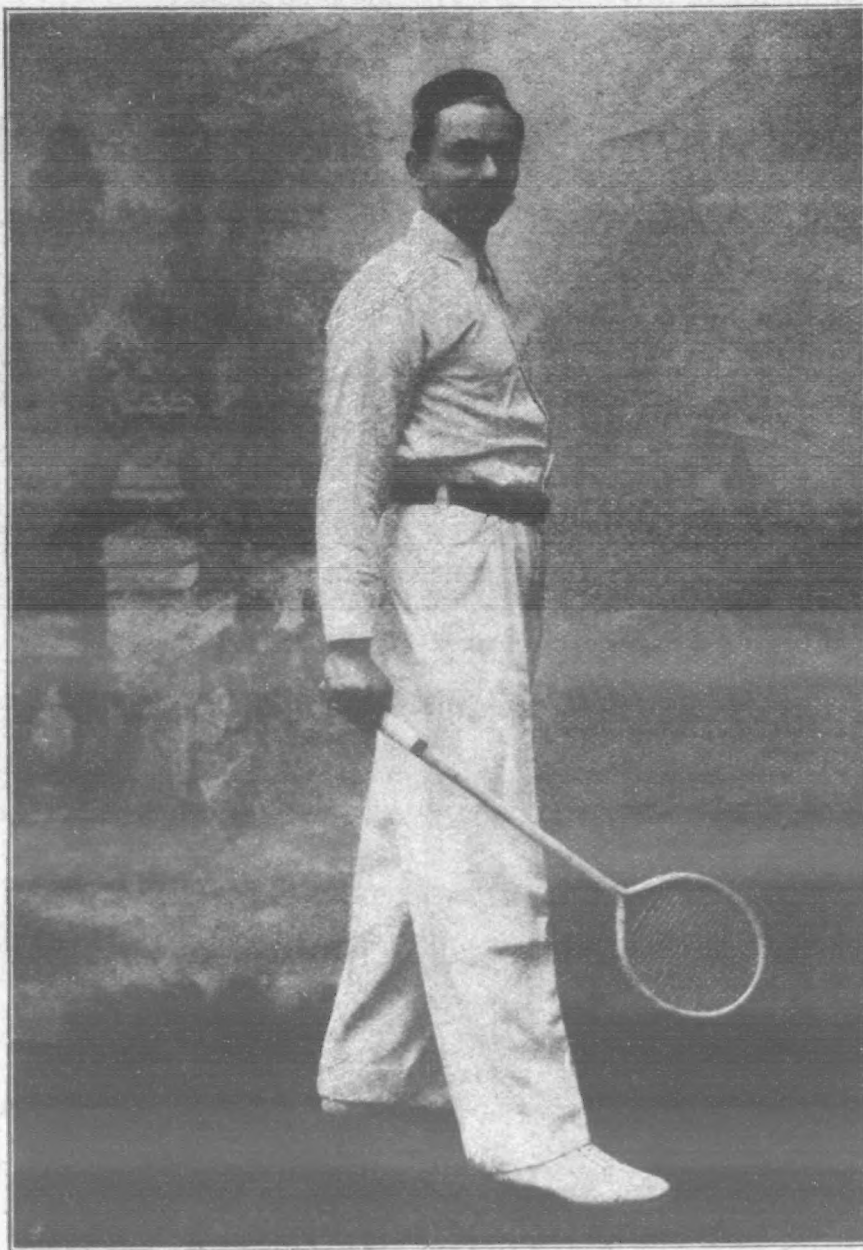
A brief glance at Attewell's career may interest P.P.P. readers. The beneficeaire was born in Keyworth in June 1891, so that he is just forty-two years of age. For the county of his birth he has done service which cannot be overestimated. In season and out of season, good weather or not, plumb wicket or rank bad one, Attewell has never been an easy bowler to play, and few are the men who can claim so good a record. He is certainly deserving of the best of benefits.

By making 441 runs at their first attempt, Middlesex practically ensured the success of the benefit, and Somerset, with 86 for one wicket on the opening day, stamped it with the seal of certainty. Apart from the fact that it was an historical occasion, the match was interesting enough in itself, for the Whit Monday engagement of Middlesex has ever been a favourite one at Lord's.

There appears to be no limit to Pelham Warner's possibilities. It has often been said that, once a cricketer goes to Australia—and from that it is to be presumed any



MR. JOEL'S OUR LASSIE, WHICH WON THE OAKS AT EPSOM LAST WEEK.



MR. JAMSITJEE,

CHAMPION RACQUET PLAYER OF BOMBAY, WHO WILL PROBABLY BE MATCHED AGAINST PETER LATHAM,
CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.

other part of the world—he loses his form. Well, Warner has so completely dispelled this delusion that, after returning from the New Zealand tour, he has packed up a couple of centuries in the only two first-class matches he has taken part in. Against Gloucestershire he made 145, and on Monday last he treated the spectators to a superb innings of 137. It is pleasing to note that his innings in both cases were made without the semblance of a fluke.

Gilbert Jessop has been at it again, and his great innings of 286 against Sussex at Brighton is one of which even he may be proud. The Hove ground is a notoriously easy one, but, allowing for that, and conceding that everything was in favour of the batsman, it was a remarkable achievement, for in an innings of exceptional brilliance there were no less than forty-one fours.

One of the matches of the greatest interest to cricketers is always that between Lancashire and Yorkshire. An immense crowd assembled at Old Trafford when the battle of the Roses was resumed after the winter's truce, but the feud between the rival factions was as deadly as ever. The batsmen and the bowlers were quite as much in earnest at the game of spoiling the enemy as any of their predecessors. The constitution of the Lancashire team was a bit of a novelty for the County Palatine. No less than eight amateurs figured on the side, and a further novelty was that Albert Ward was not playing. A spectator sarcastically remarked, "There are no 'Tykes' in Lancashire's team this season." This may be explained by the fact that Ward was born in Yorkshire.

DON'T LOOK OLD.—With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. LOCKYER'S large Bottles everywhere.—[ADVT.]

Though Surrey have made a poor start this year, their victory over Gloucestershire may change the whole tide of their fortunes. No other county possesses such a dangerous pair of fast-wicket bowlers as Lockwood and Richardson when both are at the top of their form. Their dual defeat by Essex has practically snuffed out all chance of Championship honours, but the side is too good to go very low in the scale. Sussex have a fine side, and so, too, have Notts. As Yorkshire have been beaten, we may see a close fight for the Championship yet.

ATHLETICS.

Visitors to Stamford Bridge last Saturday were bitterly disappointed at the non-appearance of Alfred Shrubbs at the London Athletic Club's second spring meeting. The long-distance champion was announced to make an attempt to reduce the existing figures for one and a half miles, but with the weather at its worst he was wise not to attempt to improve on his day's work at Ilford, where he broke all records for two miles.

Despite Shrubbs' absence, there was plenty of good sport at Stamford Bridge, and some fast times were made, *malgré* the adverse conditions. C. H. Jupp was in rattling form, and ran away with the 220 yards challenge in 22 1-5 sec. He won by five yards from L. F. Tremear, and would probably have done better time on a more congenial day. The second man was runner-up to Wadley at Stamford Bridge in last year's 220 yards championship, and made a close fight with him, so that Jupp's performance stands out as an extraordinarily good one.

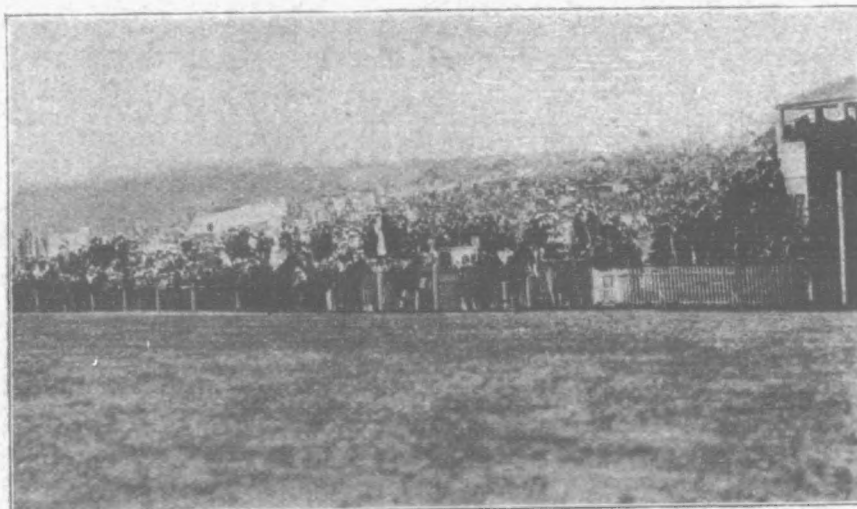
The handicaps were full of interest, and these events were noteworthy for the success achieved by members of the Blackheath Harriers. All the open events were won by members of this old-established club; B. Macmin, with 7 yards start, being successful in the sprint; B. J. Blunden winning the half-mile, with an allowance of 22 yards; E. B. Harman accounting for the 500 yards race with an "impost" of 19 yards; and E. F. Judson taking first prize in the 1 1/2 miles event. It is gratifying to know that the famous old "Heathens" are going so strong. In the other events J. H. Bessell won the 1000 yards challenge cup and R. H. Watson the three-miles walk. In the latter contest the competitors were all veterans, the second and third men being J. E. Fowler-Dixon (holder of the fifty-miles record) and C. M. Callow respectively.

Reverting to the record set up by Alfred Shrubbs at Ilford, I should say that he has never done a better performance in the course of his brilliant career. He was intent on making an attack on the two miles grass-track running record, and he not only accomplished this, but beat all existing records for the distance. He ran magnificently, and won the handicap from scratch in 9 min. 11 sec., his first mile being covered in 4 min. 26 4-5 sec. The previous best by an amateur was 9 min. 30 2-5 sec. on a grass track by W. G. George, and 9 min. 17 2-5 sec. by the same winner on cinders. The professional time, which was also the world's record, was 9 min. 11 sec. by W. Lang. Shrubbs ran for the South London Harriers against the Racing Club de France at Paris last Monday, and followed up his Saturday's record-breaking performance by winning the 1500 metres and three-miles races in French record time. The other South Londoners to win their races were J. B. Densham in the 400 metres, and P. B. Dodd in the 800 metres races. The English side proved successful by four events to three.

In the 120 yards' Championship of Surrey, at Guildford on Monday, C. H. Jupp, the famous sprinter, covered the distance in 12 sec., thus equalling record. He won very easily by 4 yards from H. Courlander, of the Thames Valley Harriers; C. E. Hardy, Blackheath, being third.

GOLF.

There was a great finish to the professional tournament at Edfield. Harry Vardon and J. Braid met in the final last Saturday, and the outcome of a very tough struggle was a win for Vardon by one up. **BANSHEE.**



THE FINISH FOR THE OAKS: OUR LASSIE, 1; HAMMERKOP, 2; SKYSCRAPER, 3.

THE RACING WORLD.

WE all feel very thankful for a little spell of breathing-time after the rush and bustle, not to say trying weather, at Epsom. Many meetings, spring and summer, have I done on the beautiful downs which over-clever folk will persist in calling Banstead, but are as thoroughly Epsom as Clapham Common is Clapham. Never do I recollect being so played out at one as I was after Friday brought conclusion to the affair, but no rest because there was Kempton Park to make up the week; and that was scarcely over and Sunday welcomed than one must start preparing for Hurst Park and the other fixtures which on Bank Holidays go to display the Racing World's effective strength.

My word, Epsom did take it out of you! Mind, I do not say a word against it, for it is one of the meetings I am most fond of. In the first place, you can stand in the enclosures and see all the running, or, at least, nearly all of it, which is more than can be said for most rings. Secondly, sport there is always brisk; again, the market is strong, and again, prices are generally good. I certainly expected to see the winner of the Derby start at longer odds than the 6 to 4 betted that Sanfoin landed; and most decidedly 6 to 1 Our Lassie was a fine price, considering what a lot of money the owner and some of his connections had backed the mare for.

Considerable mistake was made about the big double Mr. Jack Joel took from a well-known City bookmaker—there, I do no harm in giving the feller's name right out—Mr. Leo Hayward is, who laid £10,000 to £500 that Rock Sand did not win the Derby and Our Lassie the Oaks—i.e., 20 to 1 to a "monkey." The same gentleman also wagered £500 to 400 in a right-out bet against the mare, so that he lost on these two deals £15,000. Some of the money he got back in other deals with the owner of the Oaks winner, and on the day he took, or at least a friend did for him, £2500 to 500 about Our Lassie.

It being the fashion to blow your own trumpet, I think I might for once pose as an instrumentalist on that more or less unmusical article, and just mention that I did take the first three for the Derby and place them in the same order as the judge, only some days before Mr. Robinson was called upon to deal with the field.

Rock Sand - - 1
Vinicius - - 2
Flotsam - - 3

makes, I fancy, a unique tip for the week prior to the race; and I feel considerably proud of it.

Possibly, with a good jockey up, Vinicius might have very nearly won outright. All I can say is that I was very glad indeed that the Frenchman played second instead of first fiddle, and to be able to congratulate Sir James Miller on his victory. As I told P.I.P. readers some while ago, Sir James never had the slightest doubt as to his colt's ability to win. That Vinicius was awfully badly ridden I fully admit. A jockey who made such a mess of it as did M. Blanc should never ride for me again, nor for anyone with whom I had influence. His patent inability was so



AFTER THE DERBY: SIR JAMES MILLER LEADING IN THE WINNER, ROCK SAND.

great that I wondered the stewards did not want him to explain how he came to make such dreadful blunders. M. Blanc is a good sportsman. He must be a better loser than I am if he did not go home very sore after the Derby.

Just now Prince Soltykoff is by no means one of fortune's favourites. His Sun Rose was most unlucky in the One Thousand Guineas. At Epsom in the Oaks she could not well have missed gaining a place but for being disappointed in the race at a critical moment—in fact, twice. I quite agree that the best filly, Our Lassie, won, but she played the deuce with some of the competitors in getting home. The jockeys say that she was responsible for the scrimmage in which Dazzling came to grief. That is a very grand mare indeed, and will make a big name for certain.

Morny Cannon, who was on Our Lassie, and also landed Sundridge, was quite the hero of the week. The public were very demonstrative in bray-ing Morny, who is not, like some of the jockeys, free to pick his mounts. He has

to ride for the stables retaining him, and they of late have not been in much form.

There are more unlikely things than his taking the Manchester Cup on Friday. Dear me, how we get on. Scarcely have we got our wind after a colossal holiday "occasion" at Hurst Park, with the populace present in overpowering force, than we must be off to Manchester. Friar Tuck may take the big prize at Castle Irwell, and I shall pick him in my little lot against the field. Of course, I must make

Our Lassie

my first choice, but I do like Friar Tuck more than a bit. Scullion will run well, and Cliftonhall is "expected" most confidently. Zinfandel has won a good trial. Next to Our Lassie I will stand

Friar Tuck and Zinfandel,

and I give the Friar preference over the lightly weighted three-year-old.

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Story Competition, "Penny Illustrated Paper," 198, Strand, W.C. by a date to be named later.

To the competitor who places the greatest number of correct passages under the pictures, we shall award the First Prize of £30 cash; £10 will be awarded as a Second Prize; while there will be Ten Consolation Prizes of £1 each. In the unlikely event of a tie the Prizes will be divided.

No Member of our Staff is allowed to Compete. The Decision of the Editor must be considered final.

SIXTH LIST.

Fill in here the passages from the story which you think best fit the Pictures appearing on Pages 362, 363, and 364.

21.
22.
23.
24.

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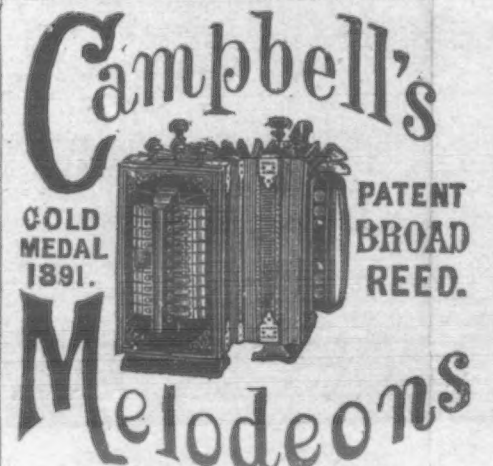


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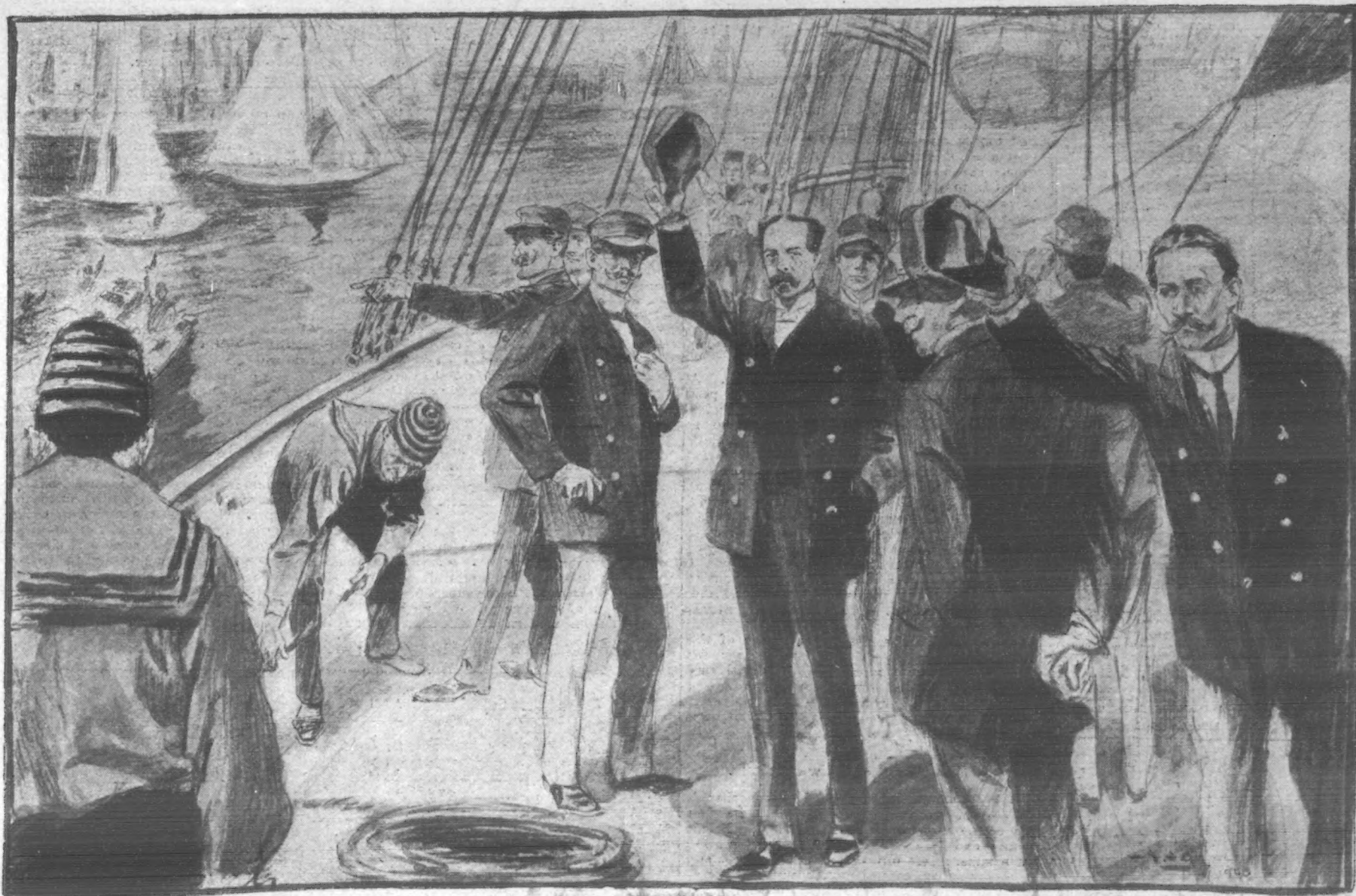
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THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

I HAVE before me as I write the latest catalogue from Messrs. John Noble, Limited, of 53, Brook Street Mills, Manchester, in which, if my readers will but send for a copy, they will find sketches and descriptions of the excellent supply of summer goods now in stock in this establishment. Among the hats and toques on the millinery page there is but one, a picture hat, which costs a guinea; the others sketched on the same page range from 17s. 6d. to 4s. 11d. For that extremely low price you can get a pretty Leghorn hat for a little girl trimmed with a silk scarf and a rosette. On the next page of the catalogue are sketches of parasols and sunshades, and for 2s. 6d. you can get a pretty white cambric sunshade with a chine design upon it; the stick is white, with a gilt mount and frame. The postage of this to any address in the United Kingdom is sixpence extra.

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can be had at 7s. 11d. or half-a-guinea. A complete booklet of blouses will be sent post free to any address, and, if I may judge from the evidence of the sketches, there is excellent value for very low prices. My young readers would be wise to send for the blouse booklet. It is not too much to say that no serge dress that can be bought wears better or gives greater satisfaction than one of John Noble's serges. Indeed, many ladies who have had dresses of it for their own wear, or that of their girls, declare that it never wears out. If any of my readers should send for the catalogue, I hope they will mention having read about it in "The World of Women" in the P.T.P. A postcard is sufficient when writing for patterns or catalogues.

There has been a discussion in one of the papers recently about the best colour for summer wear, and many people will be surprised to hear that experience has proved to many women that white is not as cool as it looks. I quite agree. A fresh white gown looks delightfully cool, but it is not nearly as cool as

A Soft Grey or Fawn Colour.

White is so glaring in the hot sun that it is painful to the eyes; it looks its best under the shade of trees in full leaf. Bright blues and pinks look also rather glaring in summer; soft olive-green is very sweet and cool—but, then, green is not becoming to everyone; dark blue requires lighting up, but when lighted up it is charming. The silk muslins now so popular are very cool to look at, but they are expensive, as they must be made up over silk in order to look well, and a silk lining is not cool. Short skirts are being worn by croquet and tennis players. I have seen girls at croquet with their long dresses caught up with safety-pins, but the result was decidedly ungraceful, and I do not recommend its adoption. Nothing could well be more fantastic than the hats and toques which have appeared with the hot weather. They curve down over the hair at the back and are deeply curved over one eye in front, and then they swoop up gracefully and very high at the other side. The space underneath is partly filled with flowers or feathers, or both. On a graceful woman who is blessed with natural style, this hat looks well, but woe to the wearer if she has no style! But enough of dress for to-day.

In reply to more than one correspondent, allow me to say that I cannot give any hints as to

"How to Succeed as a Bridge-Player."

I have not had the time to become a proficient at the game, and I have not any desire to become one. It has grown into a sort of madness amongst men and women both in and out of society, and many are the tales that are circulated—they are not all true, I hope—about cheating by women. It is rumoured that at a house-party in the country, a well-known young married woman actually stole a pearl necklace from another lady, a friend, who was her fellow-guest, and pawned it in order to pay money she had lost at bridge. She was found out, but as she was young and well known in Court circles, she was not prosecuted. Traits of character, I am told, come out very strongly at the bridge-table. Tempers are lost, and strenuous language is used by both men and women who were supposed to be quiet and well bred, and partners have been caught exchanging signs and signals in order to direct the play. All this is unpardonable among gentlefolk, but the gambling spirit is very demoralising.

To a reader who has a delicate little girl who is said to be consumptive, I reply that

One of the Best Remedies is Fresh Air,

and with it sunshine, if possible. Both together will go far to make the child healthy. The air should be dry, not moist and damp. Relaxing places are not good for those who have a consumptive tendency. The child should sleep in a room with an open window, but see that she has enough warm clothing on to keep off chill, and do not let the bed be between a door and window, or a fireplace. It is damp and draughts, not air, which give chills; and no amount of tonics, cod-liver oil, or cream will keep off consumption if the child breathes foul air whilst she is in the house. My readers must be aware of the close smell of a room in which several people have been for some hours without ventilation. All the wholesome oxygen is gone, and the carbonic acid which remains is poison. Ask any doctor who knows his business, and he will say the same. **MARGUERITE.**

"WITH THIS RING—"

BY HENRY T. JOHNSON.

AUTHOR OF "FOUND GUILTY," "BIRDS OF PREY," ETC., ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The previous chapters of this splendid story, which began in No. 2188, show how two brothers, the Earl of Sheen and the Hon. James Fairfax, met their death in a railway accident. Also, how young Lord Laleham (heir to the Sheen estates) sets out with his cousin Dermot Fairfax and other friends to witness a boxing contest in the East End of London. The fight proving something of a fiasco, they afterwards turn into a dancing-saloon in Hoxton. There Lord Laleham meets with Joy Melrose, a pretty and good Hoxton shop-girl. He falls in love with her and she with him. Dermot Fairfax, at the same place, meets Lizzy Towner, with whom he philanders, to the discomfiture of her sweetheart, Joe Margles. Laleham and Fairfax quarrel at their club. As the days go on Lord Laleham and Joy Melrose continue to meet, their feelings towards one another deepening all the time. Meantime a strange man is suddenly attacked in a street in Hoxton by roughs, from whom he is rescued by Lord Laleham. Up the river Dermot Fairfax sees Lord Laleham and Joy Melrose. Later he arrives at Mr. Higgin's house-boat. Mr. Higgin is a millionaire. Aboard the boat some financial scheme is discussed. Lord Laleham's love for Joy Melrose increases, and one day the little Hoxton household is startled at Joy's disappearance. Soon, however, there arrives a letter to say that "Roddie" has married her.

CHAPTER XVI.

A FEW weeks later, the dovescotes of Pevensey Park were fluttered with the excitement of a new arrival in their midst. It is doubtful, however, if Pevensey Park would not resent the comparison of its genteel and eligible villas, fitted with all modern appointments, to any-

by an unimaginative surveyor, in whose composition there was no grain of romance, reared its two storeys and a mansard-roof, with two dormer-windows, four square to all the winds that blow, as though rejoicing in its designation of Strathfieldsaye. The gabled front of what had been No. 3 (the soulless surveyor had arranged all the evens and all the odds on respective sides) gained a world of dignity in being styled Welbeck; while Nos. 2 and 4 faced these imposing edifices from across the road as though secure in the reflection that Panshanger and Clumber were good enough for anything.

One fine summer morning Panshanger, Clumber, Welbeck, Belvoir, Kenilworth, Trent-ham, Patshull, Chatsworth, Holkham, and Hatfield were thrown into a state of excited curiosity by the disappearance of the "flag" inscribed "This House to Let," that had for some time been displayed in the front garden of the desirable villa residence known as Penshurst, and the appearance at the windows thereof of blinds, curtains, and other tokens of inhabitation; and forthwith Mrs. and the Misses Stanley Brown, Cholmondely-Hawkins, Figgins, Smith-Smith, and Harcourt-Robinson sallied forth to leave cards; and Simpson the milkman, Griggs the greengrocer, and other tradesmen dispatched their youths and light carts with circulars and price lists to the front door and the tradesmen's entrance respectively of the least pretensions but best-appointed villa in Prince's Drive. And that afternoon the staple of the conversation at Chatsworth—it being Mrs. Cholmondely-



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thing so unpretentious as a dovescote. That exclusive suburb may possess its failings; experts may sniff metaphorically and practically at its drainage system—may indulge in rude remarks as to the flimsiness of its walls, the nature of the rubble in its foundations; ill-conditioned people void of veneration for "classiness" may hurl such adjectives as "cheap," "stuck-up," and "trumpy" at its establishments and their denizens, who, secure in the consciousness of their caste and social superiority, can afford to ignore the venomous arrows of the inhabitants of adjoining but socially far-removed districts. But not even its most resentful detractors could lay at any one of its cathedral-glass panelled doors the allegation of undue humility.

It is situate in that particular district which this particular reader happens not to reside in, and at a period prior to its existence as a suburb it formed the historic seat of an historic house, which showed its appreciation of the lordly pleasure-house of its lordly ancestors by handing over the mansion to the promoter of a home for inebriates, and the adjoining property to the enterprising and speculative builder; for devotion to its ancient halls is one of the most touching traits of our old nobility.

What wonder, then, that the very atmosphere of Pevensey Park should be patrician, and that the seven leafy avenues radiating from the Park Hotel should be dignified with names consonant with the traditions of the locality and the population? This is no place to comment upon the envious spirit which prompted the libellous alternative designation "The Slopers' Seven Dials"; and it was admittedly appropriate that the Prince's Drive, the most important of these avenues—the seventh heaven, as it were, of Pevensey Park's exclusiveness—should bear, in gilt letters on stucco gate-posts, the names of the more distinguished of the stately homes of England. Thus, the residence which had figured as No. 1 in the ground-plan originally prepared

Hawkins' second Thursday—consisted of the new arrivals at Penshurst.

"Yes, I called," the hostess remarked to her circle; "but I'm not sure she will return my call, and, to tell the truth, I hope she won't. My dear, she hasn't a shadow of style; she's pretty enough in a way. I shan't encourage Cholmondely to visit there, but I'm afraid she is quite a nobody, and he's a mere commercial traveller; they're not our class at all," and the Misses Stanley Brown, who always spoke in chorus, declared with one voice that it was like the presumption of such people to think of living in Pevensey Park, though Miss Harcourt-Robinson interposed, "He seems rather gentlemanly; of course he hasn't the manner of the gentleman about here—that can hardly be expected—but he's certainly nice-looking."

"I consider there's something mysterious about them," remarked Mrs. Kettlewell with solemnity. "I've delicately put one or two tactful questions to this Mrs. Fairfax. For instance, I asked how long they'd been married, what his people were and hers, whether he'd settled any money on her, what his income was, whether they'd got the house on a yearly tenancy or a lease, what she paid her maid, and the name and address of Mr. Fairfax's employers—and I assure you she was actually evasive," and the company shook their heads significantly, while the whisper of a sigh eloquent of some imminent scandal in Pevensey Park mingled with the clatter of the cups and saucers.

Meanwhile the objects of this solicitude, their arms entwined around each other's waists, greatly to the indignation of the two Miss Pinkleys, who surveyed them from between the Venetian blinds of the first-floor back windows of Clumber, the next-door residence, paced to and fro the garden that belonged to Penshurst, but which, to Joy's way of thinking, might have formed part of the domain of Eden.

"What goes on!" exclaimed the younger Miss Pinkley, with a shudder. "I wonder if they are married."

"I can hardly think so," remarked her sister sapiently; "they seem far too affectionate." I suppose people would call her rather pretty."

ALL THE SOCIAL AND THEATRICAL NEWS OF THE WEEK.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

"Yes," sighed her sister; "in the style of the insignificant nonentities who have been the despair and drawback of their sex, the prettiness of the doll that catches and pleases the male eye, but not a trace in her of the nerve-concentration, the resistless will, and the intolerance of limitation which are the shield and spear of emancipated woman!" And Miss Pinkley paused in a pose worthy of the sentiments she had expressed, her sister awhile regarding her in the silence of a veneration too deep for words, at last exclaiming: "And to think that men have eyes for dolls like that one in the garden, and that such a woman should occupy her pedestal alone!"

"He seems rather stylish; in fact, one would say interesting, if he weren't so ridiculously infatuated with that girl," Miss Minerva went on. "I can't think why Mr. Rumble is so indignant about him."

"Mr. Rumble," her sister said, "is a professional man, dear, properly qualified. You know his firm gave him his articles, and this Mr. Fairfax, being, as we understand, a commercial traveller, Mr. Rumble considers it a great presumption for him to intrude into a neighbourhood like Pevensey Park."

"And after all, Mr. Rumble only began life as an office-boy."

"But give him credit, dear; in those days he didn't thrust himself into Pevensey Park. He was quite content then to reside in Lambeth."

Heedless of all, Roddick and Joy paced to and fro, planning out the garden of their *dulce domum* and the garden of their lives—both were to abound in roses.

"Roddie, dear," she was saying, "such a lot of ladies called yesterday. And, oh, some of them were so inquisitive. They left cards—what am I to do? You know, I'm a shocking dunc about such things."

"Pitch 'em in the fire," he said. "I mean the cards, dear, not the callers—at all events, just yet. No, really, little woman, we don't want to cultivate the acquaintance of the sort of people dumping down here. There are reasons why we shouldn't—I'll explain them later."

"What a lot of things my boy is promising to explain later: why we were to run away, why our marriage was to be by special license instead of banns, which was very extravagant, and why I'm not to see any of my boy's people or my own just yet. Roddick dear, I don't mind not meeting your people; in fact, somehow I—I'd rather not just yet awhile; but oh! I am so longing to go to Magnolia Street, and set those two dear tender old hearts at rest. Will it be long before I may, dear?"

"I—I don't quite know," he answered vaguely; then suddenly halting, he looked her through and through. "Look here," he said, "you are my wife, aren't you?"

"Your own wife," she whispered ecstatically. "Heart of my heart, life of my life; and it's

nothing to do with anybody in the world how we manage our lives, and how far we trust each other."

"I trust you all in all. What you tell me I never even want to understand, still less puzzle about; it's enough for me Roddick said it. You tell me I'm not to meet your people or mine just yet. I'm content to wait, just as, Roddick, if you told me to take my own head off I should do the best I could with our little kitchen chopper."

"That's my girl!" he said, "and my girl knows I wouldn't let her harm her little finger. You shall go and see the old people—well, not to-morrow, I can't spare you yet, nor the day after to-morrow, but some day after to-morrow."

At this point the Miss Pinkleys were even more acutely scandalised; for there, in his own garden, next door to theirs, and in the scarcely waning light of the summer evening, he kissed her. Then like a happy girl, which after all she was, she skipped away indoors with much diffidence and becoming humility to inquire of the middle-aged cook and general how dinner was progressing, for not all Roddick's arguments or protestations could prevail upon her to undertake the management of more than one servant at a time.

He watched the girlish form, the girlish face, disappearing through the conservatory, a sunbeam glinting in the tumbled hair; listened to the glad, girlish voice. What a dear she was! And in that moment all doubt or regret, all misgiving, vanished in that thought; and in



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say, what would Society say? Well, let them say what they might; what was done was done. But Geraldine? Ah! there was the link in the chain. What on earth was he to do with regard to her, his affianced! He must go to her, must make the plunge, tell her the truth that he, her betrothed, had thrown her over—thrown over one of the best-bred, best-known girls in fashionable Society, whose very name was a synonym for everything that was *chic*, *distinguished*, and *unimpeachable*. It would have to be done—the sooner the better; and the longer it was postponed the harder it would be and the worse the consequences. And so he thought over it, brooded over it again and again, clamouring to himself that he must face the ordeal and get it over at once, chiding his own want of moral courage that had so far postponed it—just as a man who, on a winter's dark morning, lies abed still one minute longer, contemplating that cold tub with its film of ice, scorning his own procrastination and want of will.

And, soon or late, there was another disclosure to be made—one not quite so difficult to tell, yet not altogether easy; and often—watching from deck-chair or hammock in the little garden Joy tending her roses, or seated in the dusk at the piano in the tiny drawing-room, so daintily appointed that she held her breath on entering it—he would ask himself sundry questions. When and how was he to tell her, and what would she say? What would she feel on being told that she was by courtesy My Lady—that in the ordinary course of things she some day would be a Countess? Some girls would jump with joy to learn such news; and yet, could any news make her happier than she seemed just then? And, somehow, he recalled to mind the village maiden led to the village altar by the landscape-painter, whom she loved so dearly; and who, entering that gateway stately with armorial bearings, beholding that mansion, more majestic than all those she saw before, listening in wonder to the words "All of this is mine and thine," and learning—

Here he lives in state and bounty,
Lord of Burleigh, fair and free;
Not a lord in all the county
Is so great a lord as he.

"felt her spirit change within her"; and, though bearing up against the burden of an honour unto which she was not born, grew faint and even fainter, drooped and drooped before him, and, fading slowly, died before her time.

"Little woman," he said, "are you very, very happy?"

"Happy as the day is long," she answered. "Oh! happier than that, because these summer days are beginning to shorten, ever so little; but I seem happier with every one of them."

He could not help reflecting that Pope had not said woman, but "man never is, but always to be blest."

"You're a most contented little being," he



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said, stroking her hair; "don't you sometimes long for better things, a bigger house to live in, nice grounds, and don't you sometimes wish for a carriage and smarter frocks, more jewellery and all that sort of thing?"

"Oh, no, no, no!" she replied, "how could I? Think how different this is to Magnolia Street! And as for frocks, I think I'm dreadfully extravagant; and jewels—you never return from town without bringing me something."

"And yet, I know—I mean there are women



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whose frocks and bracelets and rings cost hundreds, thousands more than yours, and who are always unhappy because somebody else's diamonds are worth more, or somebody else's mansion or estate is larger than theirs."

"It must be very sad to be like that," said Joy; "besides, dear, fortunate as we are with our surroundings, we could never be unhappy while we have each other."

"But suppose—come, let's be like the children—suppose I was—well, instead of a Pevensy Park individual a Grosvenor Square young man, with one or two big places in the country; suppose I were a Lord and you my Lady, and instead of this little handbox of a place in this back-end-of-the-world suburb—"

"I will not have my dear, dear home run down like that!" and she placed a tiny hand on his lips. He kissed it and went on—"Suppose you had a place in town, with a proper establishment of servants—butter, footmen, coachman, and so on, and of course your own maid—suppose you gave and went to smart dinner-parties and dances, mixed with the right sort of people."

"What sort, Sir?"

"Oh, I mean the people, you know; and went to Court, in short—suppose I were my Lord and you were my Lady."

"Don't, don't!" she said; "I think that we're best and happiest as we are," and he ceased to blame himself for any delaying his disclosure, feeling it would be a shame to shatter the ideal that she had found so fair.

CHAPTER XVII.

AND so forthwith he hid him to the little dining-room, and Joy began lighting the rose-shaded candelabra on the flower-decked table, he terrifying her by the cool, daring indifference of his manner and remarks to the cook-general, of whom she stood in such awe, but who was infinitely more civil to her master than to her mistress, and filling Joy with wide-eyed wonder at his imperturbability amid surroundings hitherto beyond her wildest dreams, actually speaking of Pevensy Park as "a nice enough little box, but horribly cramped," of Clumber, Strathfieldsaye, and Welbeck as "pretentious, poky little holes," and of Pevensy Park as the back-end of the world and a little bit of nowhere inhabited by nobodies.

"What a discontented, wicked boy it is!" said Joy. "Why, if we were ever such distinguished people, if we belonged to what Aunt Becky calls the quality, we surely couldn't wish for more."

"It'll do for the present," laughed Roddie. "And not for always?" asked Joy. "Of course, I can quite understand you'd find anywhere dull being at home all day, but now our honeymoon is over and we're settled down here I suppose my boy will be going up to town and off to the station every morning, like the other gentlemen in the neighbourhood. Oh, Roddie! I wonder how you'll look with a silk hat and a black shiny bag and a thin little umbrella."

"Gad! I wonder!" he laughed.

"And when is my boy going back to work?" asked Joy. "Soon?"

He paused, then, toying with his serviette, said, "Well, yes, pretty soon."

"I hope they won't send you travelling directly."

"I'm rather afraid that it is just what they will do," he replied.

"Far?" she asked, her sweet face clouding just a shade.

"You never know," he answered impressively.

"You see, I may be in Edinburgh one hour and Dublin the next."

"Roddie!"

"I don't quite mean that, that's only a figure of speech. What I mean is, that if ever you want to communicate with me you'll have to write to me care of old Biggleswade."

"Roddie, what a way to speak of your employer! Is he kind to you?"

"Oh! he's all right," he laughed. "Here's his health in some of his hook."

"I'm afraid all our wine is very expensive."

"It is rather: he's a bit of a ruffian for prices."

"I suppose you're invaluable to him?"

"He seems to think so," Roddie admitted.

"I mean," said Joy—"not that I want to be inquisitive—but he must pay you a big salary for you to have saved up all the money you have, and I'm sure you must have worked very hard for it, and been much less extravagant when you were young than you are now, Sir, weren't you?"

"My dear little girl," he answered, "I've been extravagant all my life, and shall be to the end of the chapter; it runs in my family. We use money, as the Americans say, to turn. I think

my greatest delight in town on a bright, bracing morning is to go out and buy things, and when I feel especially fit—why, by Jove! I could buy Bond Street. Now, don't look so serious; come along and play something."

Then they had some music, and as the girl's fresh voice floated through the open French windows out into the summer night that the stars were beginning to spangle, the exclusive neighbours admitted that, if untrained, it was a very sweet voice, very fresh and girlish; and the Miss Pinkleys agreed that, after all, if he was only a commercial traveller, their pan-technicians had brought some very nice furniture, and they were well-conducted young people, and infinitely preferable to the people at Dunrobin, who were always falling out, and every now and then sending their crockery

she held a lighted match, then seized and kissed the white, shapely, dainty little hand that held the vestas. She tripped with him to the door, threw him a kiss from her fingers, then, returning to her room, kissed her own hand where his lips had been. Meantime, the other party to this little idyll sauntered along the shadow of the Pevensy Park trees, and reached at length the central space whereon its avenues converged.

And presently he muttered impatiently: "What's the good of brooding over things? I'm going to take them as they come. Hullo! What's this? A public-house? I beg its pardon—an hotel. Dash it all, I must talk to somebody, if it's only a bricklayer! Here goes!" And sauntering across towards a door inscribed "Hotel Lounge," he entered just to kill half an hour.

It was with something akin to disappointment that he ascertained that the company was composed not of bricklayers, but of a group of men of various ages attired in various tweeds, knickerbockers for the most part obtaining, though one gentleman with evident satisfaction sprawled out at full-length a pair of legs encased in riding-breeches and gaiters. The advent of the intruder was received with various glances expressive of superciliousness and indignation mingled with curiosity, and a lull occurred in the conversation, which had concerned itself with the affairs of the nation and the solution of the most vital problems affecting them, the gentleman in gaiters focussing upon him a glare intended to be crushing. These tokens were, however, lost upon the new-comer, who, approaching a window connecting the lounge with the bar, and waiting for a pause in the animated conversation of the golden-haired daughter of the proprietor with a young exquisite, apparently embarrassed by the lady's effusiveness and the abnormal height of his collar.

This was Mr. Egerton Jones, a young gentleman who had arrogated to himself the proud title of champion lady-killer of Pevensy Park, and who sought relief from the monotony of perching daily on a stool from ten till five-thirty and two on Saturdays by leaning against the bar of some hostelry or other, and monopolising the time and attention of the young lady attendants to the detriment of the business and the gratifying of his own vanity. On Roddie venturing a request for a brandy-and-soda, the young lady responded with a chilling frown by way of protest at the interruption, and her interlocutor added one more to the stares of indignant protest converted on the new arrival. The young lady, however, perceiving that the new customer was remarkably good-looking and possessed a certain air, toned down the frigidity of her regard, and, tendering Roddie the change for his sovereign, remarked quite amiably, "Thank you so very much; it's quite a pleasant evening, is it not? Isn't town getting dreadfully empty?"

Admitting that things were so, the intruder dropped into a vacant chair and took up the evening paper, absolutely oblivious of the gaitered one's muttered protest that the lounge was losing all its exclusiveness and tone.

"You're quite right, Mr. Kettlewell," said a rubicund gentleman with black hair and moustache in a voice as severe as his cast of countenance: "it's the same with the neighbourhood. Nowadays you're never sure who's living next door to you."

"I can't understand it," Mr. Kettlewell responded. "It seems to me, if I were a man



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through the window and creating fearful disturbances late at night, especially when Mr. Blairgorn, who called himself a commission merchant, but was reputed to be a bookmaker, had what he called a good day, and had "skinned the lamb."

Later, the tinkle of the piano and the silvery voice died away.

"Going to bye-bye, little girl?" said Roddie.

"All right, I'll just put on a cigar and take a stroll round to pick up the bearings of this outlandish neighbourhood. Au revoir!" He kissed her on the forehead, then puffed his cigar while

occupying an inferior social position, the last thing I should dream of would be to thrust myself into a neighbourhood above my proper station."

"That's just where you are; you professional men wouldn't—it's those people in trade." Then hastily, observing the red light in the eye

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MR. HENRY REMBLE IN "THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON."—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

of his opposite neighbour, Mr. Bullpit, of Bullpit's Soft Soap, who occupied Beaulieu, the most palatial of all the Pevensey Park mansions, he continued, "Not that I mind trade, so long as a man trades wholesale, or even retail on a large scale—it's the scale that does it." And Mr. Bullpit, reminiscent of his early beginnings in the oil and colour line, endorsed this last declaration with a nod.

"What I object to is," the speaker continued, "the presumption of people in a subordinate position. Now, it wouldn't be pleasant for you, Mr. Bullpit, to have for a next-door neighbour, or even to meet in this select circle that strangers aren't supposed to enter, one of your clerks—or travellers."

"It wouldn't be good for him," responded Mr. Bullpit promptly and ominously. "By the way, I hear the brokers are in at Dunrobin. Hallo, Mr. Tipkin! you're late—had a heavy day, I suppose? Just your busy time."

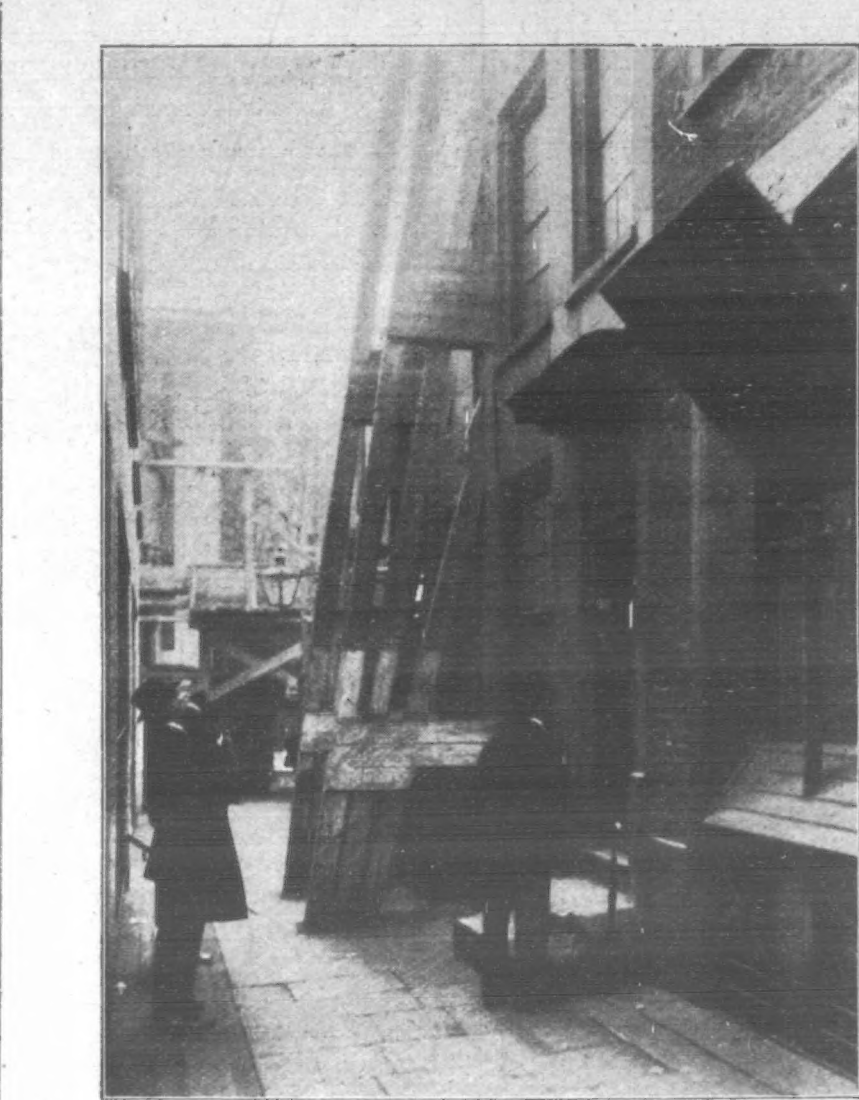
"Busy!" replied Mr. Tipkin, throwing himself into a chair in the manner of an exhausted giant; "don't talk about it. We've been on our legs all day in the Court of Appeal, before the Lords, before the Privy Council, before the Committees, then consultations right up to dinner-time, and now we're in the House, very likely till the closure."

Roddie could not forbear glancing with interest at the speaker, in whom he expected to recognise some well-known advocate and Parliamentary, which, however, he failed to do, gleaming, rather, from a subsequent conversation that this latest comer was the clerk to an eminent K.C., M.P., with whom Roddie himself happened to be upon the best of terms.

"By the way," Mr. Tipkin resumed, "what about the new people at Penshurst? Mrs. Tipkin has been telling me there's all sorts of rumours about them at Mrs. Cholmondely-Hawkins' 'At Home.' He's supposed to be a commercial traveller in some line or other; but old Hawkins is a bit suspicious about him—he is about everybody—and it is his theory that this chap is a bit shady," and despite sundry winks, head-shakings, and thumb-jerkings, Mr. Tipkin continued, "Hawkins says that it's his firm opinion that she's an actress out of a job, and the fellow either a bookmaker or an author."

There was a pause—inexplicable to Mr. Tipkin—until it was broken by Mr. Fairfax himself, who remarked—

"Perhaps you will have the goodness to inform your impudently inquisitive friend, Cholmondely, or whatever his confounded name is, that Mr. Fairfax of Penshurst is neither a bookmaker nor a literary man, and that it doesn't concern him one iota what Mr.—confound his confounded name!—imagines him to be. But you may as well add that if Mr.—what the deuce do you call him?—indulges in insolent observations regarding Mrs. Fairfax,



OLIVER GOLDSMITH'S HOUSE,

No. 6, WINE OFFICE COURT, FLEET STREET, THE FRONT OF WHICH, BEING DANGEROUS, HAS TO BE REMOVED.

Mr. Fairfax will take the earliest possible opportunity of severely pulling his nose!"

The pause was resumed and intensified. At length the gentleman in the riding-breeches and gaiters, apparently considering it incumbent on him to act up to them, exclaimed: "Are you

aware, Sir, that you are using disrespectful terms—I may say, threats—to a gentleman of the highest social standing in Pevensey Park, a gentleman who—"

"I don't care two straws about the gentleman!" rapped out Mr. Fairfax; "I merely

repeat that if he makes impertinent observations with regard to my wife I'll horsewhip him or anybody who repeats them."

In a moment there was what newspaper people call a sensation. Then Mr. Tipkin began to explain with volubility not only that he was not responsible for the remarks in question, but assiduously expressed his disbelief regarding them and his advice to Cholmondely-Hawkins not to repeat them, and Mr. Fairfax swung out of the hotel furious with the circle he left behind, with the neighbourhood in general and Mr. Hawkins in particular, but most especially with himself for having brought Joy into such a vulgar hotbed of tittle-tattle; and his reflections made it all the harder to announce that he must very shortly leave her in the midst of it all alone—only for a little while, and not for long; he made up his mind it should not be for long. And he did more: he postponed for a day or two both his departure and the announcement of it.

At length the silence of indignation he had left behind him was broken by Mr. Kettlewell, who exclaimed, smiting his gaiter with a swagger cane, "Well, that wins it!"

"I should think so, indeed," said Mr. Tipkin, rising from his chair, and having assured himself by a glance through the glass door that the disturber of the harmony of the circle had cleared off, "I should like to know what that fellow means! The idea of the man speaking to me like that? Where is he? Has he gone? Confound the fellow!" And he stamped his foot. "I'll teach him to address me in that manner—impertinent ruffian!"

"Well," said Kettlewell, "that's what things are coming to! Even here in a secluded locality like the Park, designed for their requirements, people of class are not secure from the intrusion of the masses. The idea of a fellow like that dumping himself down in this locality and then presuming to thrust himself into a circle like ours! It is not to be tolerated!"

"Bai Jove! it was rather a bit of cheek of the boundah, wasn't it, Miss Jullah?" remarked Mr. Egerton Jones to the Hebe across the windowed counter, who replied: "Well, really, of course, it was very dreadful for him to speak to a man in Mr. Tipkin's sphere like that, but he seemed rather a nice man; and you know, Mr. Egerton Jones, you gentlemen here are so very classy and exclusive; you are—really, you are!"

"Bai Jove! you see, we're bound to be; it's necessary to keep other fellows in their position, don't you know. May I trouble you for another glass of bittah at your leisure?"

At the same time there reigned over the assembly an embarrassed air, born of the conviction that "this fellow Fairfax," so far from having been suitably crushed for his impudence by the consciousness of his presumption, had left the field with the honours of war.

Not that this conviction was expressed. On

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the contrary, the company declared that, at all events, the fellow had received a lesson which doubtless would not be lost upon him; and it was just as well that he should, without loss of time, have been made aware of the fact of his social inferiority and the back-seat it was becoming he should take in Pevensey Park.

With one exception. From a shaded corner of a flower-decked window overlooking the clump of trees forming the centre of the avenues a still, small voice made itself heard, a voice that was listened to notwithstanding it had none of the pretentious artificiality and assumption of those who listened to it; a voice that was listened to, nevertheless, for many reasons, among them the sound common-sense underlying most of its utterances, but beyond them all the circumstance that he who spoke so bluntly and straightforwardly was not only the freeholder of his own holding in Pevensey Park, but the accommodating creditor of one-half of the neighbourhood; and Mr. Timotheus Bagnage, who listened to much but said little, and nothing that was not to the purpose, declared, as he buttoned up his coat prior to taking his departure at closing time, "You can all say what you like; if that chap ain't class I dunno class when I see it; and, when all's said and done, it wouldn't knock me off my perch to hear as how he comes out of a stable where old Kettlewell, Tipkin, and all their crowd wouldn't be allowed to put their noses into the yard."

(To be continued.)

"P.I.P." Farmer and Gardener.

The Poultry-Fattening Industry.

ABOUT nine years ago, when Mr. R. H. New wrote an account of the Sussex chicken-rearing and cranning industry for the Royal Commission on Agriculture, the profits were highly satisfactory. But it appears that, through this and other public notices of the undertaking, those who were engaged in it, at one time comparatively few, have been followed by a great number of imitators. The cranning system has extended to many counties beyond Sussex and Surrey, and the special advantages of a monopoly have been lost. Accordingly, the profits of the poultry-cranning business have been greatly reduced, and not a few of those engaged in it have been constrained to give it up.

The rearing has not suffered equally, although they have had to accept lower prices than they obtained for chickens of the right size for fattening a few years ago. When it was first introduced, the rearing obtained 3s. 6d. each for chickens ten to twelve weeks old, outsiders imagined that to produce young birds must be highly remunerative; and so it would be if such a price lasted all through the season. As a matter of fact, however, it is paid for only a few weeks, and then for chickens hatched during the coldest period of the year, when hens are not apt to sit, and great care is necessary to prevent heavy losses among the young chickens.

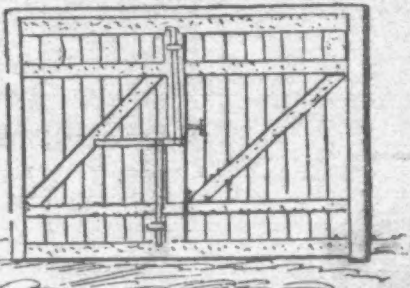
The feeding, too, is expensive, and the attention required arduous. A Sussex rearing has given in the field his experience in 1902; describing his system of feeding and management, the number of chickens reared and sold, the number lost, the prices obtained, and other details. From a stock of 48 hens 747 chickens were produced, 56 were lost, and 692 were sold, the rest (pullets) being kept and included in the valuation. Food cost £47 18s., and labour £18, other expenses and the valuation made at the beginning of the year bringing the total up to £92 3s. 9d., while the returns of poultry and eggs and the valuation of live and dead stock at the end of the year amounted to £115 4s. 7d., leaving a profit of £23 0s. 10d. Nothing is charged for the rent of the land, as it is assumed that the enrichment of a piece

of grass and some fruit-plantations in which the birds were kept was a sufficient return. The prices obtained for chickens, usually about three months old, were 3s. each in March, 3s. 3d. to 3s. 6d. in April, 3s. 6d. down to 3s. in May, 2s. 9d. to 2s. 3d. in June, and 2s. to 1s. 9d. in July.

It will be seen that prices steadily dropped after the first week or two in May. In August and September chickens made only 1s. 9d. each, and in October, when the sales were completed, 1s. 8d. Eggs made 1s. to 1s. 10d. per dozen. The profit was a fair one on the capital engaged, but not a large one when the great amount of care and attention bestowed on the undertaking is considered. Moreover, the circumstances were favourable, excepting some ill-health among the birds in the latter part of the season, in consequence of the rainy weather.

Fastening for Double Doors.

I am often asked to suggest means of saving time and labour on farms; and although a fastening for doors scarcely comes in the category mentioned, plenty of farmers will no doubt be glad to know of a cheap means of fastening large double doors. Take a piece of hardwood board, 1 in. by 3 in. For an 8 ft. door the upper and lower pieces should be 4 ft. 4 in. each. Halfway up is a lever 4 ft. long. Bolt lower piece at end of lever, and upper piece 6 in. from



BARNDOOR FASTENING.

it, then put a bolt exactly through the middle between the two and through the door; then a staple over the uprights of upper and lower ends. The door-cap and sill should each have a mortice cut to receive the ends of the fastenings. Raising up the lever handle removes both uprights simultaneously. The other door can be fastened by a sliding bar or other convenient latch arrangement, of which there are many. These fastenings are in use in many Canadian barns, and the illustration shows how they are constructed.

The Dahlia.

This is a plant largely grown for the production of cut bloom for market, and for this purpose some of the varieties are very useful, notably the decorative sections, to which class belong such useful varieties as Constance (white), Glare of the Garden (scarlet), Harry Freeman (white), Henry Patrick (white), Orange Glare of the Garden (orange-red), Millie Scapham (golden orange), and Salisbury White (one of the best). Some of the singles and pompons are also good for the purpose. Plants will now be arriving from the nurseries, or where propagation has been carried on at home the plants will be in rough shelters undergoing the ordeal of hardening. This is an important item to attend to, whether the plants are bought in or home-raised, and the successful cultivator will in no case omit to attend to the matter. It is not safe to plant out dahlias generally until the first week in June, unless it is possible to whelm over each plant at night a 24 or 16-sized pot. Where this can be done, a distinct advantage will be gained by planting out earlier. In a season like the present it is always wise, even during the first few days of June, to have protection of this sort ready, as the cold east winds will often do as much damage as the cold east. Where the land is at all poor, the dahlias should have stations prepared for them by digging out some good composted manure, filling in the hole again with this, and treading it in moderately firm, planting the dahlias in a hollow like a shallow basin. A mulch of half-decayed manure should then be put round the plant, extending about 14 in. from the stem, giving the plants water as necessary. Where the land is light and rich it is

well to plant without manure in the holes, simply manuring by the mulch, as in the former case. Rich soils are apt to produce a lot of growth and not much bloom until late in the season; when the plants are in, let a centre stake be driven at once, and the small stick that the plant is tied to be tied at once to the stake. Later on, as the plants grow, three stakes driven in at triangle fashion will be the best way to secure the plant.

The Tuberculin Test.

The Council of the Shorthorn Society, which is fairly representative of the supporters of the premier breed of cattle in the United Kingdom, has at last taken definite action in regard to the tuberculin test question. It has unanimously resolved that: "In view of the unreliable and misleading results often obtained from the application of the 'tuberculin test,' this Council is of opinion that the time has come for shorthorn breeders to refuse to sell their cattle under the unnecessary, harassing, and vexatious restrictions imposed by foreign countries with regard to this so-called 'test.'" It was time the pedigree stock-owners of this country had let their voices be heard on this important subject, and if the action of the Shorthorn Society be faithfully adhered to by the members, and supported as it ought to be by kindred bodies throughout the country, the export trade may perhaps be freed from one of the chief hindrances to progress and smooth working. Mr. R. Stratton, who, in accordance with notice, proposed the resolution, made a very telling speech in favour of the step he proposed. Until five or six years ago nothing was heard of the tuberculin test, and there was free trade in cattle. Many thousands of animals had been bred in the Colonies and foreign countries from the stock which had been exported from this country without any test, and were practically free from disease, and the herds of the United Kingdom were not healthier than they are to-day, or, to put it in another way, they are as healthy to-day as they were fifty years ago. But Mr. Stratton did more than deny the existence of need for the test; he also contended that even if there were reasonable grounds for the apprehensions entertained by most of the importing countries, the test in which they placed their confidence was as unreliable as it was vexatious and unfair. Not only could animals be medicinally treated to render the test inoperative, but it had been shown that the animals that were in an advanced state of the disease did not react. Then, again, it had been found that an animal which survived the test scatheless at one time might react a few months later, a state of things which suggested that the test caused harm to healthy animals. If British cattle-owners stand solidly together in fighting this battle, there is no reason why they should not achieve their perfectly reasonable object.

Mushroom-Growing.

The best book on mushroom culture—"Mushroom Culture" (Wright), price, per post, 1s. 3d.—may be had of any bookseller. I should not advise anyone to make up mushroom-beds in a loft—the manure would rot and stain the boards and do great harm. The position would also be too dry, and woodlice would breed wholesale. A cool cellar is a better place, but even that may become too hot and dry in July and August, hence beds should not be made up after the middle of May. The manure would itself supply ample heat to cause the spawn to run. The horse manure should be collected in bulk, have all the long straw shaken out of it, be frequently turned and mixed, and, as needed, well damped with water. The rule is to allow a heap to lie until nicely warm, then to turn it again, doing this about three times. If the weather be wet, mats should be thrown over the heap. In a cellar the bed should be fully 12 in. deep, trodden firm, and neatly made. If at any time horses are undergoing a course of medicine one must not use the droppings for mushroom-growing. The book mentioned will give you full instructions.

Waterproofing Boots at Home.

Boots can be rendered waterproof by a dressing composed of oil and indiarubber, keeping out moisture and being uninjurious to the leather, leaving it soft and pliable. To prepare same heat in an iron vessel either fish oil, castor oil, or even tallow to about 250 deg. Fahrenheit; then add, cut into small pieces, vulcanised or raw indiarubber, about one-fifth of the weight of the oil, gradually stirring the same with a wooden spatula until the rubber is completely dissolved in the oil. Lastly, add, to give it colour, a small amount of printer's ink. Pour into a suitable vessel and let cool. One or two applications of this are sufficient thoroughly to waterproof a pair of boots or shoes for a season. Boots or shoes thus dressed will take common shoe-blackening with the greatest facility.

A Hand-Power Sheep-Shearer.

At the fine show of the Bath and West of England Society, held this year at Bristol, the attention of sheep-farmers was drawn to a very successful hand-power shearing machine lately introduced into England. It is one of the cheapest made considering its undoubted utility; for its price, including latest pattern of shearer, four sets

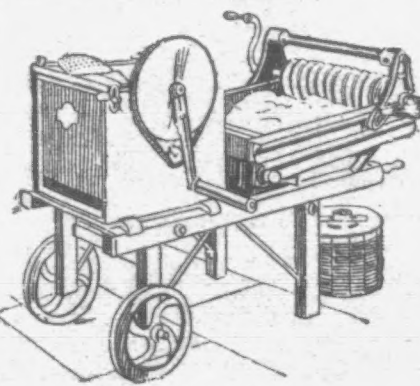


HAND-POWER SHEEP-SHEARER.

of cutters, and a knife-sharpener, is but £4. It is guaranteed to shear more sheep with one set of cutters than any other shearer, and also saves from half a pound to a pound of wool on each fleece. There is no chain-shaft and no belt, direct power being obtained from cut gears, and it can be run from any mechanical power. A knife-sharpener is sent out with each machine, which entirely does away with the delay of sending knives to be re-ground. If required, it can be fitted to an iron stand.

Butter-Making Outfit.

The illustration given shows an eight-quart Fishback churn in combination with a patent butter-worker completely fitted and ready for work. The simple means by which both churn and worker are secured upon a strong portable stand that can be conveniently wheeled about



DAIRY OUTFIT.

from place to place is a desirable adjunct to every dairy. The usual time for churning cream by means of this churn illustrated, at a temperature of 58 deg., is from three and a half to five minutes. When first introduced, by the way, the Fishback was somewhat hard to work, but a recent improvement has made it so easy that any fairly strong boy or girl can now go through a churning without fatigue.

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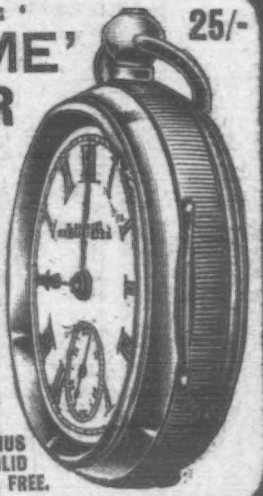
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